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yielding him only one hundred pounds, with expectations of promotion, which never came. I advised him to resign and return to his business as ladies' shoemaker. He was afraid of offending Mr. Galt, but I succeeded in getting him to resign and go out of town till his post was filled by another; and to afford him occupation in the country, I taught him the principles of perspective drawing; and thus had the satisfaction of having saved his life, without regard to Mr. Galt, who was afterwards to prey upon Mr. West.

In speaking of exhibitions, it may not be amiss to say, that when I was in Rome in 1830, I learned that the artists there would never consent to take the advice of their English friends, in the establishment of an annual exhibition, and their argument was very conclusive: "Now our studios are visited by amateurs of all nations, who become personally acquainted with us, and buy our pictures, which are shown to advantage on our easels. In a general and crowded exhibition this would not be the case, and we should be in a manner forgotten." Yet the students of the French and Russian schools had their separate annual display, from a motive of national pride. I was satisfied that the Roman artists were right, and could not help concluding that it *might* be the same in our country, notwithstanding whatever good may arise from our annual exhibition, if the *fashion* could be established for the amateurs of painting and sculpture to go the rounds of the studios, and at once stimulate and reward the artists. From such visitors Turner was more benefited than by his exhibitions at the Royal Academy.

And here I must mention an anecdote of our countryman COLE. In 1834 he had painted a fine picture of American scenery, which was placed in the academy under a bright yellow painting of the same size by Turner. Had Cole's picture occupied the brighter position of Turner's, and his been placed in the obscure light where Cole's was placed, the contrast would have been more favorable to both. I was grieved to witness the disappointment of the amiable Cole, during the forty-two tedious days of exhibition, during which his picture would have been better hidden at home. I called to see him the day after the exhibition closed, and found the picture on his easel at 9 o'clock, and the artist engaged writing invitations to his friends. They came to see his picture in a favorable light, and one of them bought it for 250 guineas.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.*

CHAP. VIII.

UP STREAM.

It was not so easy to pull our boats up the river as we had found it to row down. The current between the rapids was tolerably strong, but the guides pulled cheerily, and, we helping what little we might with the paddles, we won our way up slowly, sometimes working with our utmost vigor for several minutes to gain a single foot. Our boatman, Moodie, had a song which he always struck up when he was rowing hard,

i. e., when he could spare breath to sing. It was only the first verse of a stanza, and ran in this wise:

"The ocean bird spreads his pinions of snow,"

and then it passed into an inarticulate hum for a space which might represent another verse or two, and then ceased for a moment, and then *da capo*. The air was one I had never heard before, rather quaint, and his voice, as Student said, was like a consolidation of bull-frog croaks, let out slowly at a high pressure. I heard it until I found myself perpetually whistling it to myself, and it finally became a bore, and I would have given anything to have got rid of it. In the moments of silence, as we became lost in thought, Moodie, turning his head sidewise, with his face downward, would open his song in an undertone at first, and brace up with renewed energy, his activity increasing with the opening of his voice, until he reached the maximum, when, after a short time of sustaining them, they would subside together. "Bill," said I, "what 'll you take for that song?" "Oh! it's no use of my selling it to you—you couldn't use it; if I was to give it to you—it's only suited to my voice."

After a hard pull, we arrived at the foot of the rapids, and as we had left the heavier portions of the cargo in the camp where we had passed the night, we got out, and the guides carried the boats up by a path at the side of the river, and launched them in the river above, without much trouble. We prepared to go at fishing in earnest, as we had only cast here and there carelessly in going down. I was now more than ever surprised by Angler's casting. Taking his position on the edge of a flat rock where there were no bushes behind him to catch his flies, he cast in every direction, over every eddy and pool within one hundred feet, his fly falling with the most marvellous precision, and almost always being greeted by the whisk of the tail of some half-pound trout, or else being quietly accepted by some grave elder specimen, who, being led around among the rocks, and up the little cascades, came quietly to his feet, and was secured. Our flies would crack like a whip occasionally, but his made never a sound, and the curves which the line made were most gracefully drawn, as, cast backward, it described one ellipse, and then, thrown forward again, it passed by another, out nearly to a straight line, then falling gently, while the rod gathered up the slack, and the flies fell on the bit of water in which Angler fancied a trout lay. It was all done with so little effort, and so unfailingly, time after time, that it was really quite artistic. Before we had finished fishing, he was casting full an hundred feet of line.

We fished until dinner time, and then went back to the camp, too hungry to spend much time in cooking. We found the fire still mouldering, and the hut as cheerful as we could desire. The warm sun shone down through the broken roof, and as I cast myself on the boughs I could scarcely realize that it was the same place where I had passed the night before in chilly writhings and turnings, impatiently waiting the daylight. We cooked our fish *à la fourchette*, and having satisfied ourselves with that and dry bread, we loaded up the boats and set off again. A short distance

up we came suddenly on a loon who had, unfortunately for himself, wandered from the broad lake into the narrow water. I had previously desired to have one for the sake of some of his feathers, which are singularly marked in white and black, so that as we came in sight of him the guides dropped their oars and caught up their rifles, but of course before either could fire, he was under the water. They will sometimes dive far enough to get out of shot, but this seemed hardly possible in the narrow river, and the guides waited his rising with rifles raised. Presently the black head and neck appeared twenty-five or thirty rods above us, and after an instant's pause Moodie fired. We saw distinctly the splash of the ball as it glanced from the breast of the bird, and heard instantly after the sound of its striking. The loon of course disappeared, and we pulled up the river rapidly, in hopes to have a nearer shot, and when he rose he was within ten or fifteen rods. Before he could recover his surprise, Bill fired, and his neck settled down on the water quietly. We took him in, and I was really ashamed to have caused the death of so noble a bird in order to gratify my curiosity. He must have weighed a dozen pounds or more, and a heavy and close coat of feathers on the breast explained the failure of the first ball. The second had hit the neck near the body, and had gone through. We laid him out at length in the boat, and resumed our journey, determining to take the skin off when we landed.

We repassed the lake through which we had come the evening before, and a little distance higher up Bill led off to an opening in the hedge of maples along the river-bank, through which came the outlet of the lake we were to visit. It was a stream barely wide enough to use the oars in, and not more than two or three feet deep. It was fringed with rushes and arrow-head, and wound through a cranberry bog, which was, however, too yielding to permit a safe landing. We had soon to take to the paddles, and found the stream obstructed by fallen logs, which had been chopped away by former voyagers, so as to permit a boat to pass with difficulty. In several places we were obliged to use the axes, and widen the passage. The banks shut in on the stream presently, and became precipitous—sometimes twenty or thirty feet high, and crowned by tall pines, which almost met above the narrow cleft which the waters had made. The forest on each side was a tangled maze of trees of all kinds, in which no path had yet been made, except the runways of the deer, which here and there crossed the stream. Sometimes the water was so shallow that we were obliged to get out and walk by the side of the boat, pulling it along, and then again we must stoop to let the boat pass under a huge log which lay only a couple of feet above the water. So through a succession of "rafts" of drift-wood, wedged in together by the spring freshets, and fallen trees, with now and then a slight rapid, we worked along for a couple of miles, when the stream became wider and more tranquil, and was covered with pond-lilies, through which we rowed, catching up the lilies and their broad green leaves at every dip of the oars, plucking all the finer specimens that came within reach, until we were half buried in a fragrant cargo. Then we passed through a succes-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by STILLMAN & DURAND, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

sion of "ponds" or small lakes, ranging from half a mile to a mile in length, each silent, lonely, with its setting of pine trees solemnly monotonous.

As we stole quietly through one of these lakes, whose shores were deeply marked and cut up by bays and rocky points, Moodie made an exclamation commanding silence, and pointed out, ahead of us, two deer coming into the water. They were a doe and a fawn; the former, however, catching sight or scent of us, turned back and took to the woods again, but the unsuspecting fawn put out into the water. The hinder boat was turned toward the shore he had left: and when, finally, he discovered us, he was cut off from retreat. He turned round in circles for a few moments, as if perplexed, and then pushed for an island in the middle of the lake, when both boats pulled for him at full speed. He succeeded in touching the ground in the shallow water, and rose his full height with a bound for the shore. His motion was followed by the crack of Bill's rifle, and the poor fawn fell in the water—but rose again, and seemed about to renew the effort, when Moodie fired, and he struggled faintly for an instant, when our boat dashed up to him, and the hunting-knife let his blood out into the transparent lake.

In the moment of excitement of the chase, I had been as eager as any to secure him; but, as we lifted him, warm and pliant, into the boat, and the eyes, scarcely dimmed in death, seemed to resist the haze which was growing over them, Angler said sadly, "Poor Fan," and either of us would gladly have seen him free again. But we had lived on fish for several days, and the prospect of a change in our diet was most agreeable; so, dropping all sentiment on the occasion, we were glad that the deer was fat, and accepted the gift of Providence thankfully.

The passage between this lake and that where we should stop, was very short; and, entering the latter, we were gratified by the sight of a log-cabin on its banks, with a clearing of a few acres. The guides had told us that a hunter, whom they called simply "Mike," lived there; but, as his family was large, and his cabin was very small, we did not hope for shelter under its roof. Half-a-dozen good-natured hounds met us at the landing, and drawing our boats on shore, we walked up to the cabin, a diminutive affair, with an enlargement equal to the size of the original building, making it in fact two cabins in one. As it was about sunset time, we hastened to ask the favor of a permission to make our camp in one of the sheds, and were most agreeably disappointed with the proffer of the kitchen floor; so, sending the guides to dress the deer and bring in the provisions, we accepted the hospitable offer.

A STATUE of The Law has just been erected in Paris, near the Palais Bourbon. It consists of a female seated in a curule chair, her right arm elevated, and the left resting upon the tablets of the Law. The statue is in marble, and rests upon a marble pedestal. Upon one side of the pedestal is an inscription in Latin, and on the opposite side a spread eagle, encircled by an oak wreath. The symbols of Law are on the other two faces.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

NO. 3.—THE VILLA.

THE LOWLAND VILLA—ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

ALTHOUGH, as we have frequently observed, our chief object in these papers is, to discover the connexion existing between national architecture and character, and, therefore, is one leading us rather to the investigation of what is, than of what ought to be, we yet consider that the subject would be imperfectly treated, if we did not, at the conclusion of the consideration of each particular rank of building, endeavor to apply such principles as may have been demonstrated to the architecture of our country, and to discover the *beau ideal* of English character, which should be preserved through all the decorations which the builder may desire, and through every variety which fancy may suggest. There never was, and never can be, a universal *beau ideal* in architecture, and the arrival at all local models of beauty would be the task of ages; but we can always, in some degree, determine those of our own lovely country. We cannot, however, in the present case, pass from the contemplation of the villa of a totally different climate, to the investigation of what is beautiful here, without the slightest reference to styles now, or formerly, adopted for our own "villas," if such they are to be called; and, therefore, it will be necessary to devote a short time to the observance of the peculiarities of such styles, if we possess them, or, if not, of the causes of their absence.

We have, therefore, headed this paper, "The Villa, England;" awakening, without doubt, a different idea in the mind of every one who reads the words. Some, accustomed to the appearances of metropolitan villas, will think of brick buildings, with infinite appurtenances of black-necked chimney-pots, and plastered fronts, agreeably varied with graceful cracks, and undulatory shades of pink, brown, and green, communicated to the cement by smoky showers. Others will imagine large, square, many-windowed masses of white, set with careful choice of situation exactly where they will spoil the landscape to such a conspicuous degree, as to compel the gentlemen travelling on the outside of the mail to inquire of the guard, with great eagerness, "Whose place that is?" and to enable the guard to reply, with great distinctness, that it belongs to Squire —, to the infinite gratification of Squire —, and the still more infinite edification of the gentlemen on the outside of the mail. Others will remember masses of very red brick, groined with stone; with columnar porticoes, about one third of the height of the building, and two niches, with remarkable looking heads and bag-wigs in them, on each side; and two tea-pots with a pocket-handkerchief hanging over each (described to the astonished spectator as "Grecian urns,") located upon the roof, just under the chimneys. Others will go back to the range of Elizabethan gables; but none will have any idea of a fixed character, stamped on a class of national edi-

fices. This is very melancholy, and very discouraging; the more so, as it is not without cause. In the first place, Britain unites in itself so many geological formations, each giving a peculiar character to the country which it composes, that there is hardly a district five miles broad, which preserves the same features of landscape through its whole width.* If, for example, six foreigners were to land severally at Glasgow, at Aberystarth, at Falmouth, at Brighton, at Yarmouth, and at Newcastle, and to confine their investigations to the country within twenty miles of them, what different impressions would they receive of British landscape! If, therefore, there be as many forms of edifice as there are peculiarities of situation, we can have no national style; and, if we abandon the idea of a correspondence with situation, we lose the only criterion capable of forming a national style.† Another cause to be noticed is, the peculiar independence of the Englishman's disposition; a feeling which prompts him to suit his own humor, rather than fall in with the prevailing cast of social sentiment, or of natural beauty and expression; and which, therefore, there being much obstinate originality in his mind, produces strange varieties of dwelling, frequently rendered still more preposterous by his love of display; a love universally felt in England, and often absurdly indulged. Wealth is worshipped in France, as the means of purchasing pleasure; in Italy as an instrument of power; in England, as the means of "showing off." It would be a very great sacrifice indeed, in an Englishman of the average stamp, to put his villa out of the way, where nobody would ever see it, or think of him: it is his ambition to hear every one exclaiming, "What a pretty place! whose can it be?" and he cares very little about the peace which he has disturbed, or the repose which he has interrupted, though, even

* Length is another thing; we might divide England into strips of country, running southwest and northeast, which would be composed of the same rock, and, therefore, would present the same character throughout the whole of their length. Almost all our great roads cut these transversely, and, therefore, seldom remain for ten miles together on the same beds.

† It is thus that we find the most perfect schools of architecture have arisen in districts whose character is unchanging. Looking to Egypt first, we find a climate inducing a perpetual state of heavy feverish excitement, fostered by great magnificence of natural phenomena, and increased by the general custom of exposing the head continually to the sun (Herod. Thalia, xii.); so that, as in a dreaming fever, we imagine distorted creatures and countenances moving and living in the quiet objects of the chamber. The Egyptian endowed all existence with distorted animation; turned dogs into deities, and leaps into lightning-darters; then gradually invested the blank granite with sculptured mystery, designed in superstition, and adored in disease; and then such masses of architecture arose as, in delirium, we feel crushing down upon us with eternal weight, and see extending far into the blackness above, huge and shapeless columns of colossal life; immense and immeasurable avenues of mountain-stone. This was a perfect, that is, a marked, enduring, and decided, school of architecture, induced by an unchanging and peculiar character of climate. Then, in the purer air, and among the more refined energies of Greece, architecture rose into a more studied beauty, equally perfect in its school, because fostered in a district not fifty miles square, and in its dependent isles and colonies, all of which were under the same air, and partook of the same features of landscape. In Rome, it became less perfect, because more imitative than indigenous, and corrupted by the travelling, and conquering, and stealing ambition of the Roman; yet still a school of architecture, because the whole of Italy presented the same peculiarities of scene. So with the Spanish and Moresco schools, and many others; passing over the Gothic, which, though we hope hereafter to show it to be no exception to the rule, involves too many complicated questions to be now brought forward as a proof of it.